

TO PROBE QUEER DEATH OF NURSE IN HOSPITAL

Coroner Begins Investigation Into Supposed Suicide of Helen Holmes.

MARRIAGE LEARNED OF. Thought to Have Been Single, and Her Husband Is Now Reported Missing.

BRUISES ON HER BODY. Letters Found in Woman's Effects Which May Lead to Solution of Mystery.

Coroner Acritelli to-day announced that he will not allow the body of Helen Holmes, the nurse who died of gas asphyxiation at the New York Physical and Surgical Hospital, to be removed until he has made an autopsy. He will not discuss the murder theory, but says there are some circumstances that must be cleared up.

The investigation by the Coroner has caused the police to take up the case where they dropped it. Coroner's Physician Weston had dismissed it as a plain suicide. When asked to-day if he had performed an autopsy he said: "That wasn't necessary at all. I just viewed the body."

Coroner Acritelli, when told of this, said he would refuse to allow the removal of the body to Worcester by Mrs. C. D. Austin, sister-in-law of the dead woman. Had it not been for information recently received, the body would have been taken out of the city to-day.

Removal Permit Revoked.

On Dr. Weston's certificate a transit permit has been issued by the Board of Health, but Coroner Acritelli was firm in his refusal to recognize it. In order that the body might be held he asked Sgt. Ennis, of the East Fifty-first street station, to put a man on guard. Accordingly Policeman Helms was stationed at the undertaking rooms of James F. Boyle, No. 686 Third avenue, where the body is held.

The witnesses who are to appear before the Coroner are Philip C. Cosman, a former orderly in the hospital, and Mary O'Brien and Rosa Glanzer, nurses employed by the superintendent, Dr. Herzog.

The only suspicious circumstance revealed by the autopsy was the presence of numerous bruises on the woman's body.

Her Husband Appears.

Although the nurse had posed as a single woman when she entered the hospital, she was in reality married, and to-day her husband appeared. He is Henry Holmes, employed in Armour's packing house at Greenvale, L. I. He is the brother of Mrs. Austin, of Worcester, and in company with her went to the hospital to get his wife's belongings. After telling Mrs. Austin not to talk he said to an Evening World reporter:

"We were married ten years, and the last time I saw my wife was in January, 1905. There has been too much mystery given her death. We believe she committed suicide and think we ought to be allowed to take the body away for burial. She was dependent at times, and anybody who knew her would not be surprised to hear that she had killed herself."

Among her effects was found a note in a man's handwriting which read: "My dear Jack, Excuse paper. My new address is box 76, Fort Washington, Pa. I."

BruiSES ON Nurse's Arms.

When questioned regarding the bruises on the dead woman's arms Dr. Herzog said:

"When I found her overcome by gas she was lying on a cot with her arms squeezed down between the iron over her head. My wife faintly told me that her hair was caught around a knob on the small dresser that was close to the bed. I had no time to get to her. She was a mother of five children, and I pulled the hair free at once so that I could get to work on her. Her arm was caught in the hair and she was probably bruised by the side of the bed."

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Disguises That May Help John D. Rockefeller To Escape Process-Servers on His Return

Artist Mortimer Offers Some Clever and Effective Schemes.

TO OUTWIT THE LAW. Persistent Hounds May Be Circumvented in a Number of Ways Here Suggested.

Came upon a time, it is told, the truly good John D. met an awfully nice-looking young man in front of No. 36 Broadway, and being taken with the stranger's face the gray sage of Pocantico Hills spoke unto him, saying:

"My friend, I trust you are not a time-server of Mammon?"

"Nope," replied the young man; "I'm merely a process-server of Mammon."

Every hair in the toupes straightened in terror. With a wild shriek John D. Rockefeller fled to the ferry, crossed to Jersey, and presently he had crawled in his cozy little place at Lakewood as he could go without damaging the wallpaper on the innermost side. There, as may be recalled, he remained some months in strict seclusion—almost as strict as at Ossining, N. Y.—eating ordinary bird's and breakfast food, talking his liquid nourishment through a medicine dropper, and breaking into a profuse perspiration, with symptoms of chills and fever, every time a door slammed.

The world will never know what he suffered, cooped up there with the buck-a-gue by day and the bad dream by night, sleeping in the bathroom, with his wig tousled up, so that the casual intruder might mistake him for a Turkish towel and pass on.

It must have seemed to him like years before Interlocutor Hadley, Tambo Rogers and Bones Archbold finished up their minstrel first part in New York and moved the show to Springfield, Mo.

Then Mr. Rockefeller came forth from retirement like a cautious woodchuck on a balmy May 2, and sailed for Europe to see if the wanted climate of Southern France couldn't make him forget the past. Also, he thought maybe he might be able to find something he liked in foreign parts and bring it back with him.

But now, when he is on the point of returning to his own, his native land, with abiding peace in his heart and a couple of small continental principalities in his shawl strap, terrible news comes from Ohio. Judge Banker, of the Probate Court at Findlay, has issued a summons—accused word—for one John D. Rockefeller, alias John Dought, alias Lubricated Luke, alias the University Tie, in connection with the suit recently filed there against the Standard Oil Company for violating the Valentine



Anti-Trust law. The summons has been turned over to Sheriff Groves, a determined man and a candidate for reelection on the Democrat ticket, who announces that he will make service upon Mr. Rockefeller as he returns from Europe—mark well the language—as he returns.

Law Plays No Favorites.

And now here's the sad and sad story. The Valentine Anti-Trust Law is a cruel, heartless saw-toothed demon, which would as soon gaff a captain of industry as some unimportant man who hasn't a vested right to his back. Only the other day under the Valentine law the ice-cream magnates of Toledo were sentenced to jail, and what is

more they want to tell just the same as if they had been ordinary persons instead of prominently connected oppressors, with white pique waistcoats and blue bow-ties. Do you wonder that No. 36 Broadway is in a cold sweat? Chancellor Day, a determined man, has written Arthur Barker, the floor wringer, hands and moaning feebly, "H. H. Rogers cannot think of a single funny story that Sheriff Groves and Judge Banker remind him of. Crane Petroleum is a capital case."

The Portentous Question.

On every pallid lip is the question: What shall he do to be saved from Sheriff Groves? Alas! no answer cometh. But Mortimer, the famous Evening

World staff artist, having within him the bowers of compassion for the oppressed and downtrodden, now steps into the breach with suggestions for the evasion of Sheriff Groves and the army of process men who will be waiting the arrival of the University Tie. Here is the whole thing made easy:

We assume that Mr. Rockefeller, being properly informed of his peril by wire, will come across in the coal bunkers. Still wearing his coal-bunker make-up, let him assume further disguises and be smuggled in by way of Ellis Island as an immigrant. Think of the beautiful simplicity of the scheme! John D. lurking behind a dense jungle of Shetland whiskers and smoking a quoniam pipe would fool his own son's Sunday-school class, let alone a comic chorus of subpoena vil-

lagers from away out West in Ohio. But there are other ways.

Make a Rebate of John D.

Let President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, bill him through to Lakewood as a rebate. Nobody ever thinks of interfering with a rebate on the Pennsylvania road.

Let the snake-bunters now engaged in St. Patrick's Day's Poochman estate be marshaled in a body at the pier to fight off Sheriff Groves's cohorts. Meanwhile John D. can escape ashore to the Standard Oil refineries on Staten Island, where by putting on wings and making a low buzzing noise, he may readily mingle with the resident mosquitoes and remain undetected and unrecognized until cold weather sets in.

Let one of the subsidiary pipe lines pipe him through to Jersey by the underground route. John D. always was fond of underground ways, anyhow.

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HAD PREMONITION OF FATAL ACCIDENT

Father of Girl Killed on Scenic Railroad Felt Something Would Happen.

In the humble little home of George W. Nagel, at No. 68 Decatur street, Brooklyn, there is deep sorrow to-day. Harriet Nagel, the pretty fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nagel, met a horrible death last night on the scenic railway at Slenephease Park, Rockaway Beach. Her parents and several friends saw the accident, but were powerless to help the little victim.

At the Nagel home to-day the mother lay across the bed, her body shaking with emotion crying for Harriet, whose body is still at an undertaking establishment at Rockaway Beach. The father sat beside the sorrowing woman, doing everything in his power to comfort her. Mrs. Nagel is prostrated, and her husband fears that she will not withstand the shock.

Mr. Nagel, his eyes filled with tears and his voice choked with emotion, told how his daughter came to her sad end.

"I had a premonition that something would happen yesterday," he said. "Something seemed to tell me that we should not go to the beach. But Harriet and my wife pleaded with me, and I finally consented to take them to Rockaway. It was Harriet's first outing this season and she had been looking forward to it for several days. Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Buckley, neighbors, accompanied us."

They hadn't been at the beach long before Harriet saw the scenic railway. "Go, of course," she wanted to ride on it. When we reached the platform there were hundreds of people waiting to take the cars. In the confusion the car that Harriet wanted to get on was crowded and she was pushed into a waiting car. There was a great deal of pushing and shoving, and she was standing in the aisle. We were standing a few feet from her. In a minute the car was going at a terrific speed. Suddenly we heard an awful scream.

"My God! I tried to run after her," he said. "I saw my wife turned to look. She saw the child fall from the car. Oh, it was horrible. I shudder to think of it. My wife picked up the scream that I shall never forget as long as I live, fell to a platform about ten feet below. My wife fell up in my arms and said 'Harriet! Harriet! you are not dead, are you? You can't be dead!' But she never answered me. My poor wife. She never will recover from this."

After the accident the police closed up the scenic railway and arrested the conductor of the car, Percy O. Stevenson.

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When questioned regarding the bruises on the dead woman's arms Dr. Herzog said:

"When I found her overcome by gas she was lying on a cot with her arms squeezed down between the iron over her head. My wife faintly told me that her hair was caught around a knob on the small dresser that was close to the bed. I had no time to get to her. She was a mother of five children, and I pulled the hair free at once so that I could get to work on her. Her arm was caught in the hair and she was probably bruised by the side of the bed."

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STOCKS SLUGGISH, TONE UNCERTAIN

Market Rallies Feeble and List Only About Even at the Close.

Stocks were sluggish in the market to-day, with the tone uncertain. An irregular opening was followed by a rally, but the list softened and gradually fell away until the final run, when an uplift brought prices to about an even level for the session.

The initial dealings of the week were very small, with the movement of prices uncertain and narrow except in a few special cases. Consolidated Gas and Stone-Island Steel were lifted 1-2. Illinois Central 1-8, New York, Chicago & St. Louis a point and Reading and American Locomotive large fractions.

Washburn & Moes declined a point and American Smelting and Pacific Mail 3-4.

Trading improved some later, but there was little change in prices.

Prices were improved considerably later, especially for the Western grain carriers and Reading. Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie and Anaconda gained 2-3. Smelter 2-3, Northern Pacific 1-4 and Reading 1. The higher heavy, however, invited moderate reaction and the market went off to close Saturday's closing.

Brooklyn Transit showed increased activity and decreased heaviness. Losses reached 2-3 in Delaware & Hudson, 2-4 in Great Northern preferred and Brooklyn Transit and 1 in Reading. Northern Pacific and Republic Steel preferred.

The demand became lethargic and prices gravitated to a lower level. Under the influence of losses sustained by Great Northern preferred 3-4, Northern Pacific 1-4, Bethlehem Steel 1-2, and Pennsylvania preferred 1-4. Interborough-Metropolitan preferred rose 1-4.

The earlier process later made headway and prices were improved. The market was buoyed up by the time this had been achieved the desire to take profits became manifested and prices slipped back.

Fluctuations became narrow and trading duller with the approach to Saturday's closing. Prices were improved to yield again. Northwestern Coal & Tennessee Coal 2, the latter preferred rose 1-4. St. Paul recovered to above Saturday on reiterated reports of loss of the coal railway. The trading failed to show any revived animation and the closing was firm.

The total sale of stocks to-day were 524,300 shares, and of bonds 1,524,000.

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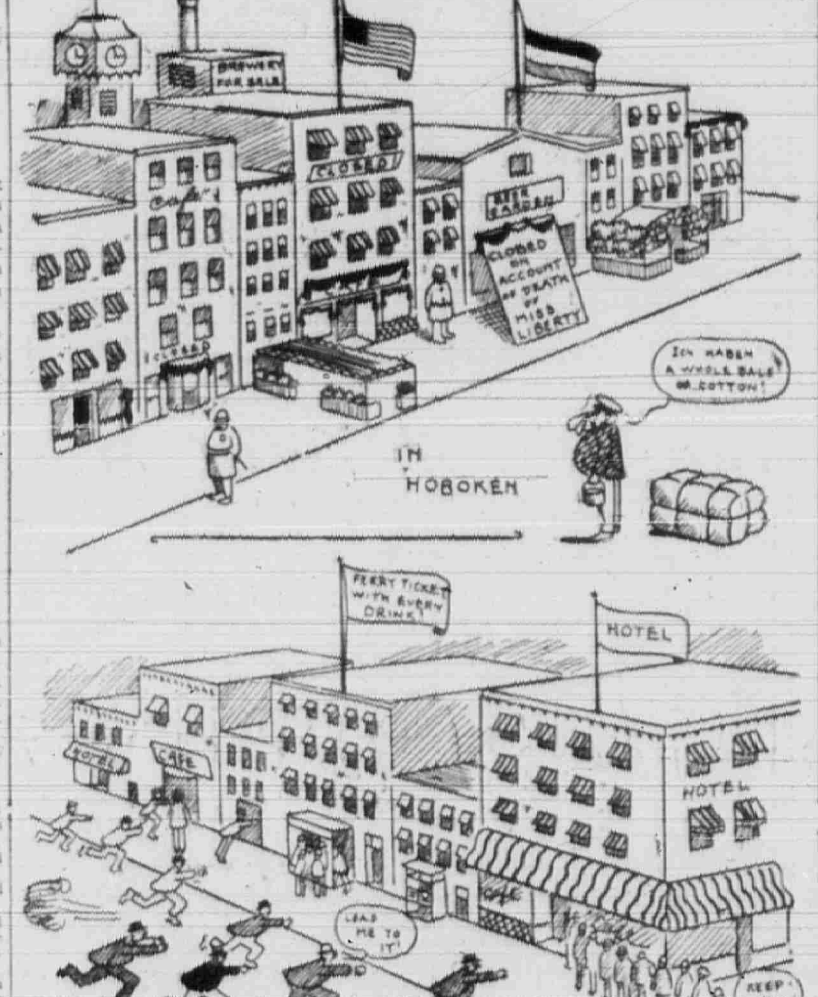
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STUDY IN 'WET AND DRY; BEING SUNDAY N HOBOKEN AND NEW YORK.

(Drawn by Edward Flinn.)



BING HAM HANDED US A LEMON SEE YOU MONDAY

SIGN ON TENDERLOIN DOOR.

Kills Himself on Church Steps.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 6.—David Simpson, a manufacturer, shot and killed himself on the church steps of St. Mary's, on the Highlands, yesterday. He leaves a wife. No motive has been assigned.

MISS GIBSON GETS \$100 WEEKLY SOLACE

In Her Suit for Divorce Prettiest Show Girl Is Awarded a Good Living Salary.

During the dull season on Broadway Mildred Gibson, who was known as the "handsomest show girl on Broadway," has enlisted things a little by getting an order from the Supreme Court for \$5,000 counsel fees and \$100 a week alimony from Samuel Markowitz, a real estate broker, whom she is suing for divorce.

Mildred is saving the money by living in a hotel at Atlantic City, but promises to make Broadway glitter some when she returns to prosecute her action for divorce in October.

This divorce business is nothing new for Markowitz, according to Miss Gibson. (Her real name is Jacobson.)

"I am his fifth wife," said Mildred to-day. "The old duffer is sixty-eight years old and he told me he was only thirty-eight. He has a son thirty-eight years old."

"Two of his wives are dead and three of us are alive. He married me when I was twenty-three years old, on March 13 last. Guess that age and date were unlucky; but, my wife had a swell wedding. All the show girls from Broadway were there. He rented Vienna Hall and we had a great feast. I was then with the Forty-five Minutes from Broadway company."

"His first wife was eighteen years old when he married her, forty-seven years ago. On the day she died he married his second wife. When she died he married a girl named Lena Baer, who had a whole lot of money. When she got a divorce from him he married a girl twenty years old. This girl, who is now Mrs. Minnie Agassal, having married again, lived with him six years, and also got a divorce. Then I came my turn."

"I met him on the stage. He was introduced to me behind the scenes, and told me he had all kinds of money and that he would carry me around like a doll. Instead of that he wanted me to wash dishes. Do I look like a girl who would wash dishes? Well, I guess not. No, Mr."

UPTURN IN CORN LIFTS WHEAT PRICES.

Wheat opened steady and a shade higher in the market to-day owing to stability here a strong upturn in corn. The latter advanced 1-2 to 5-8. Much smaller receipts than expected. The weather conditions were favorable.

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BIG FRENCH LOAN FOR AMERICAN ROAD

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Said to Want Something Like \$50,000,000.

Negotiations for an important American railway loan by French capitalists were concluded to-day in Paris.

No details have been obtainable so far, but it is generally understood that the loan is for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

The sum is variously stated at from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

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During the dull season on Broadway Mildred Gibson, who was known as the "handsomest show girl on Broadway," has enlisted things a little by getting an order from the Supreme Court for \$5,000 counsel fees and \$100 a week alimony from Samuel Markowitz, a real estate broker, whom she is suing for divorce.

Mildred is saving the money by living in a hotel at Atlantic City, but promises to make Broadway glitter some when she returns to prosecute her action for divorce in October.

This divorce business is nothing new for Markowitz, according to Miss Gibson. (Her real name is Jacobson.)

"I am his fifth wife," said Mildred to-day. "The old duffer is sixty-eight years old and he told me he was only thirty-eight. He has a son thirty-eight years old."

"Two of his wives are dead and three of us are alive. He married me when I was twenty-three years old, on March 13 last. Guess that age and date were unlucky; but, my wife had a swell wedding. All the show girls from Broadway were there. He rented Vienna Hall and we had a great feast. I was then with the Forty-five Minutes from Broadway company."

"His first wife was eighteen years old when he married her, forty-seven years ago. On the day she died he married his second wife. When she died he married a girl named Lena Baer, who had a whole lot of money. When she got a divorce from him he married a girl twenty years old. This girl, who is now Mrs. Minnie Agassal, having married again, lived with him six years, and also got a divorce. Then I came my turn."

"I met him on the stage. He was introduced to me behind the scenes, and told me he had all kinds of money and that he would carry me around like a doll. Instead of that he wanted me to wash dishes. Do I look like a girl who would wash dishes? Well, I guess not. No, Mr."

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